ARISTIPPVS,

OR

The Iouiall Philoſopher:

DEMONSTRATIVELIE

proouing, That Quartes, Pintes, and Pottles,

Are ſometimes neceſſary Authours in a Scholers Library.

Preſented in a priuate Shew.

To which is added,

THE CONCEITED PEDLAR.

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color & ſtatus & res.

Semel inſaniuimus.

LONDON,

¶ Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Iohn Marriot*, and are to be ſold by *Richard Mynne*, at his ſhop in Little Britayne, at the ſigne of Saint *Paul*. M.DC.XXX.

ARISTIPPVS,

OR

The Iouiall Philosopher:

DEMONSTRATIVELIE

Shpprouing, That Quartes, Pintes, and Pottles,

Are sometimes necessary Authours in a Scholars Library.

Presented in a private Sheet.

To which is added,

THE CONCEITED PEDSAR.

Sincerely

Truly Ho

Omnis Christianus decuit colere & statui & res.

Recordatur

Iudex Vindiciarum.

LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *John Marriot*, and are to be sold by *Richard Mynne*, at his shop in Little Britayne, at the signe of Saint Paul. M.DC.XXX.

THE PRÆLVDIVM.

Shewes hauing beene long intermitted, and *forbidden by Authority for their abuses, could not be rayſed but by coniuring.*

Enter Prologue in a Circle.

BE not deceiu'd, I haue no bended knees,
No ſupple tongue, nor ſpeeches ſteept in Oyle,
No Candied flattery, nor honied words,
I come an armed Prologue arm'd with arts,
Who by my ſacred charmes and myſtique skill,
By virtue of this all-commanding Wand
Stolne from the ſleepy *Mercury*, will raiſe
From black Abyſſe and ſutty Hell, that mirth
Which fits this learned round. Thou long-dead Show
Breake from thy Marble priſon, ſleepe no more
In myrie darkneſſe, henceforth I forbid thee
To bath in *Lethe's* muddy waues, aſcend
As bright as morning from her *Tithons* bed,
And red with kiſſes that haue ſtay'd thy cheeke,
Grow freſh againe: What? is my power contemned?
Doſt thou not heare my call whoſe power extends
To blaſt the boſome of our mother Earth?
To remoue heauens whole frame from off her hinges,
As to reuerſe all Natures lawes? Aſcend

Or I will call a band of Furies forth,
And all the Torments wit of Hell can frame
Shall force thee vp.

Enter Show whipt by two Furies.

Show. O ſpare your too officious whips a while,
Giue ſome ſmall reſpite to my panting limbes,
Let me haue leaue to ſpeake and truce to parlie,
Whoſe powerfull voyce hath forc'd me to ſalute
This hated ayre, are not my paines ſufficient,
But you muſt torture me with the ſad remembrance
Of my deſerts, the Cauſes of my exile?

Prolog. Tis thy releaſe I ſeeke, I come to file
Thoſe heauy ſhackles from thy wearied limbes,
And giue thee leaue to walke the Stage againe
As free as Virtue: Burne that withered Bayes,
And with freſh Lautell crowne thy ſacred Temples,
Caſt of thy maske of darkeneſſe, and appeare
As glorious as thy ſiſter Comedie,
But firſt with teares waſh off thy guilty ſinnes,
Purge out thoſe ill-digeſted dregs of wit,
That vſe their inke to blot a ſpotleſſe fame,
Let's haue no one particular man traduc'd,
Whom priuate hate hath ſpurr'd thee to reuile:
But like a noble Eagle, ſeaze on vice
As ſhe flies bold and open: ſpare the perſons,
Let vs haue ſimple mirth and innocent laughter,
Sweet ſmiling lips, and ſuch as hide no fangs,
No venemous biting teeth, or forked tongues,
Then ſhall thy freedome be reſtor'd againe,
And full applauſe be wages of thy paines.

Show. Then from the depth of truth I here proteſt,
I doe diſclaime all petulant hate and malice,
I will not touch ſuch men as I know vicious,
Much leſſe the good; I will not dare to ſay

That such a one payd for his fellowship,
And had no learning but in's purse; no Officer
Need feare the sting of my detraction,
Ile giue all leaue to fill their guts in quiet:
I make no dangerous Almanacks, no guls,
No Posts with enuious Newes and biting Packets,
You need not feare this Show, you that are bad,
It is no Parliament: you that nothing haue
Like Schollers, but a Beard and Gowne, for me
May passe for good grand Sophies: all my skill
Shall beg but honest laughter and such smiles
As might become a *Cato*: I shall giue
No cause to grieue that once more yet I liue.

Prolog. Goe then and you Beadles of hell auaunt,
Returne to your eternall plagues.

Exeunt Furies.

Prolog. Here take these purer robes and clad in these,
Be thou all glorious and instruct thy mirth
With thy sweet temper, whilst my selfe intreat
Thy friends that long lamented thy sad fates,
To sit and tast and to accept thy Cates.

Exit Show.

Prolog. Sir, see, and heare, and censure he that will,
I come to haue my mirth approu'd not skill,
Your laughters all I beg, and where you see
No iest worth laughing at, faith laugh at me.

ARISTIPPVS.

Enter Simplicius.

Secundum gradum compossibilitatis, & non secundum gradum incompossibilitatis. What should this *Scotus* meane by his possibilities and incompossibilities? my *Cooper*, *Rider*, *Thomas*, and *Minshew* are as farre to seeke as my selfe: not a word

of *compossibilitas* or *incompossibilitas* is there. Well, I know what Ile doe. I haue heard of a great Philosopher: Ile try what he can doe: They call him *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*: sure a Philosophers name. But they say he lies at the *Dolphin*, and that me thinks is an ill signe: yet they say too, the best Philosophers of the towne neuer lie from thence: they say tis a Tauerne too, for my part I cannot tell, I know no part of the towne but the Schooles and *Aristotles* Well: but since I am come thus farre I will enquire: for this same *compossibilitas* and *incompossibilitas* sticks in my stomach.

Knocks.

Boy within. Anon, Anon Sir.

Simp. What Philosophie is this?

Knocks.

Boy. Anon, Anon Sir.

Enters.

Boy. Pleasey ou see a Roome Sir? what would you haue Sir?

Simp. Nothing but *Aristippus*.

Boy. You shall Sir.

Exit.

Simp. What is this? the Dolphin? now verily it lookes like a Greene Fish: what's yonder Greeke too? now surely it is the Philosophers Motto: *Hippathi, Happithi; aut disce, aut discede incontmenter*, a very goood disiunction.

Boy. A pinte of *Aristippus* to the Barre.

Enters.

Boy. Here Sir.

Simp. Ha? what's this?

Boy. Did you not aske for *Aristippus* Sir?

Simp. The great Philosopher lately come hither.

Boy. Why this is *Aristippus*.

Simp. Verily then *Aristippus* is *duplex*; *Nominalis & Realis*, or else the Philosopher lines like *Diogenes in dolio*: the President of Hogs-head Colledge: but I meane one *Aristippus*

Kat'

κατ' ἐξοχὴν, the great Philoſopher.

Boy. I know not what you meane by Loſopher, but here be Schollers in the houſe, Ile ſend them to you: *Anon*, anon, Sir, I cannot be here and there too, Anon, anon, Sir.

Simp. This boy would haue put a fallacie vpon mee, in *Interrogatione Plurium*: This boy is a meere *Animal*; ha, ha, he, He has not a iot of Language in him more then Anon, anon, Sir. O Giggleſwicke, thou happy place of education! This poore wretch knowes not what a Philoſopher meanes. To ſee the ſimpleneſſe of theſe people; They doe euery thing ἀπλῶς, and haue not a iot, not an inch of κρίσιν in them. O what had become of me if I had not gone bare-foot to my *Præceptor*, with a Satchell at my backe.

Enter two Schollers.

Slaues are they that heap vp mountaines,
Still deſiring more and more,
Still let's carouſe in Bacchus *fountaines,*
Neuer dreaming to be poore.
Giue vs then a Cup of liquor,
Fill it vp vnto the brim,
For then me thinks my wits grow quicker
When my braines in liquor ſwim.

Ha braue *Ariſtippus*.

Pox of *Ariſtotle* and *Plato*, and a company of dry Raskalls: But hey braue *Ariſtippus*.

Simp. Certainly there are *Ariſtippus* his Schollers. Sir pray can you reſolue me what is *Gradus compoſſibilitatis*?

1 Schol. *What ayles thou, thou muſing man,*
Tiddle diddle dooe.

2 Schol. *Quench thy ſorrowes in a Can,*
Tiddle diddle dooe.

Compoſſibilitas! why that's nothing man, when you nere drink beyond your *poculum neceſſitatis* you are *in gradu incompoſſibili* to all good fellowſhip: Come hang *Scotus* weele lead you to *Ariſtippus*, one Epitome of his *in quarto* is worth a volume of theſe Dunces.

Simp.

Sim. O Gentlemen, you will binde me to thanke you in *Poculo Gratiarum.* But what Philosophie doth hee read, and what houres doth he keepe?

1 None at all precisely, but indistinctly all: Night and day he powres forth his instructions, and fils you out of measure.

2 Hee'le make the eyes of your vnderstanding see double, and teach you to speake fluently, and vtter your minde in abundance.

Sim. Hath he many Schollers Sir?

1 More then all the Philosophers in the Towne besides. He neuer rests but is still cald for. *Aristippus* sayes one, *Aristippus* sayes another: He is generally ask'd for, yea and by Doctors sometimes.

2 And as merry a man, There can be no Feast, but hee is sent for, and all the company are the merrier for him.

3 Did you but once heare him, you would so loue his company, you would neuer after indure to stand alone.

Sim. O pray helpe me to the sight of him.

2. We will braue boy: and when you haue seene him, youle thinke your selfe in another world, and scorne to bee your owne man any longer.

Sim. But I pray at what price reads he?

1 Why truely his price hath bin raised of late, and his very name makes him the deerer.

2 A diligent Lecturer deserues eight pence a Pinte tuition: Nay, if you will learne any thing Schollerships must be paid for. Academicall Simonie is lawfull: Nay did you euer heare of a good Preacher in a fat Benefice, vnlesse his purse were the leaner for it? Make much of him, for wee shall haue no more such in hast.

Enter Wilde-man.

Sim. But who is this?

1 The Vniuersitie Ramist, a Maule Heretique: *alias* the Wilde-

Wilde man that is growne mad to see the daily resort to *Aristippus*: but let vs leaue him to his frenzies:

But come you Lads that loue Canarie,
Let vs haue a mad fegarie:
Hether, hether, hether, hether,
All good Fellowes flocke together.

Exeunt.

Wild-man.

Braines, wits, senses, all flye hence: let fooles liue limed in Cages: I am the Wilde-man, and I will be wilde: Is this an age to be in a mans right wits, when the lawfull vse of the throat is so much neglected, and strong drinke lies sicke on his death bed: 'Tis aboue the patience of a Malt-horse, to see the contempt of Barley, and not run mad vpon it. This is *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, now a Deuill or two take his red-nos'd Philosophie: 'Tis he, my beere, that has vowed thee to the Vinegar-bottle, but I'le be reuenged: when next I meet him, I'le twist and twich his bush-beard from his Tauerne face: Tis not his *hypathie happithi* can carry him out. Let him looke to be soundlier dash'd by mee, then euer hee was by Drawer for his impudence. I'le teach my Spanish Don a French tricke, I'le either plague him with a Poxe, or haue some Claret whore burne him for an heretique, and make him challenge acquaintance of *Mald-Sacke*: If he was not either sent hither from the *Britch* Politique, or bee not imployed by *Spinola*, to seduce the Kings lawfull Subiects from their allegiance to strong Beere, let me hold vp my hand at the barre, and be hanged at my Signe-post, if he had not a hand in the Powder-treason: Well, I say nothing, but hee has blowne vp good store of men in his dayes, house and land and all. If they take no order with him here in the Vniuersity, the poore Country were as good haue the man in the Moone for their Pastor, as a Schollar. They are all so infected with *Aristippus* his Arminianisme, they can preach no

Doctrine but Sacke, and red Noses. As for the Wilde-man, they haue made him horne-mad already.

Enter a Fellow crying Wine pots.

Heighday, there goes the Hunts-vp: this is the Mandrakes voyce that vndoes me: you may heare him in faith. This is the Deuill of his that goes vp and downe like a roaring Sheepes head to gather his Pewter Librarie. Ile fit him I faith,

Beats him.

Now you Calues-skin impudence, Ile thresh your Iacket.

Beats him out.

Enter Aristippus and his two Schollers.

Arist. What a coyle's here? what fellowes that? hee lookes like a mad hoggesl-head of March-beere that had run out, and threatned a deluge: what is hee?

1 O tis the Wilde-man sir: a zealous brother that stands vp against the persecution of *Barly*-broth, and will maintaine it a degree aboue the reputation of *Aqua vitæ.*

2 I haue heard him sweare by his *hora ollaua*, that Sacke and *Rosa Solis* is but Water-grewell to it.

Wild O art thou there, Saint *Dunstan*, thou hast vndone me, thou cursed Fryer *Bacon*, thou hellish *Merlin*: but Ile be reuenged vpon thee. Tis not your Mephostopholis, nor any other spirits of Rubie or Carbuncle, that you can raise, nor your good father in law Doctor *Faustus*, that coniures so many of vs in to your Wiues Circle, that with all their Magique, he shall secure you from my rage, you haue set a Spell for any mans comming into my house now.

Arist. Why none of my credit hath choked vp your dores.

Wild-man. But thou hast bewitched my threshold, distur-bed my house, and Ile haue thee hang'd in Gibbers for mur-thering my *Beere*, Ile haue thee tryed by a Iurie of Tapsters, and hang'd in Anon anon Sir, thou dismall and disastrous Coniurer.

Arist. Why dost thou call mee Coniurer: I send no Fairies to pinch you, or Elues to molest you: has *Robin Good fellow* troubled you so much of late? I scarce beleeue it, for I am sure since Sacke and I came to towne, your house hath not beene so much haunted.

Wild.man. I'le put out thine eyes, *Don Canario*, I'le scratch thee to atomes, thou Spanish *Gusman*.

Arist. If he and his Beere will not be quiet, draw um both out.

Wild-man. Yet I'le be reueng'd you Rascall, I doe not feare the Spanish Inquisition, I'le runne to the Councell, and betray thy villany; I'le carry thee bound for a Traitor: but for you Sir, we had taken *Cales*, and might afterwards haue conquered *Lisbon*, and *Ciuill*. You notorious villaine, I knew thee for a Rogue at first, thy Ruffe look't so like the Moone Crescent in 88. thy very breath is inuincible, and stinkes of an Armado.

Arist. Kicke him out of the presence, his company will metamorphis vs to balderdash.

Wild-man. Well *Diogenes*, you were best keepe close in your tubbe, I'le be reueng'd on you, I'le complaine on you for keeping ill houres, I suffer none after eight, by Saint *Iohns*, not I.

1 Schol. Well *Domine*, though the *hora octaua* be not come, yet you may be gone. *Kicks him.*

Exit.

Arist. Come Pupill, haue you any minde to study my Philosophy?

Sim. Yes *Mehercule* Sir, for I haue alwaies accounted Philosophie to be *omnibus rebus ordine, natura, Tempore, honore prius*; and these Schoolemen haue so pusled me, & my Dictionaries, that I despaire of vnderstanding them either *in summo gradu*, or *remisso*. I lay sicke of an *Hecceitas*, a fortnight, and could not sleepe a winke for't, therefore good Sir teach me as *Cursiue*, as you can, and pray let it be *Conceptis verbis*, and *ex mente Philosophi*.

Arist. I warrant thee a good proficient, but ere you can be admitted to my Lectures you must be matriculated, and haue your name recorded in *Albo Academiæ*.

Simp. With all my heart Sir, and *totaliter*, for I haue as great a minde as *materia prima* to be informed with your instructions.

Arist. Giue him the oath.

1 *Schol.* Lay your hand on the booke.

Sim. Will *tactus virtualis* serue the turne Sir?

2 *Schol.* No it must be *reale quid, & extra intellectum*.

Sim. Well Sir, I will doe it *quoad potentiam obedientialem*.

1 *Schol.* First, you must sweare to defend the honour of *Aristippus*, to the disgrace of Brewers, Alewiues, and Tapsters, and professe your selfe a foe *nominalis*, to Maltmen, Tapsters, and red Lettices.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

He drinkes.

1 *Schol.* Next you shall sweare to obserue the customes and ordinances instituted and ordained by an Act of Parliament in the raigne of King *Sigebert* for the establishing of good gouernement in the antient foundations of *Miter Colledge*.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

Drinkes againe.

Sim. I Sir, *Secundum veritatem intrinsecam, & non extrinsecè*.

1 *Schol.* That you keepe all acts and meetings, *tam primatiss*, in priuate houses, *quam publicè*, in the Dolphin Schooles: that you dispute *in tenebris*, yet be not asleepe at reckonings: but alwaies and euery where shew your selfe so diligent in drinking, that the Proctor may haue no iust cause to suspend you for negligence.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

1 *Schol.* Lastly, that you neuer walke into the Towne, without your habit of drinking, the Fudling Cap, and Casting Hood, especially when there is a Conuocation, and of all things take heed of running to the Assizes.

Sim.

Sim. 1. Is this the end I pray you Sir, is this the *Finis*? no *Issue*.

2 *Schol.* It is *vltimum* Sir.

Sim. How pray you Sir, *intentione*, or *executione*?

1 *Schol.* *Executione*, that followes the Assizes.

Sim. But me thinkes there is one *Scrupulum* it seemes to be *actus illicitus*, that we should drinke so much, it being lately forbidden, and therefore *Contra formam statuti*.

2 *Schol.* I but therefore you are sworne to keep customes, *Non omnino secundum formam statuti*.

Arist. What haue you inrolled him in *Albo*, haue you fully admitted him into the societie to be a member of the body Academicke.

Sim. Yes Sir, I am one of your Pupils now, *vnitate numerica*, we haue made an end of it, *secundum vltimum Complementum, & actualitatem*.

Arist. Well then, giue the attendance.

Most graue audience, considering how they thirst after my Philosophie, I am induced to let you tast the benefit of my knowledge, which cannot but please a iudicious pallat: for the rest I expell them my Schooles, as fitter to heare *Thales*, and drinke Water.

Sim. We will attend Sir, and that *vibilis auribus*.

Arist. The many errors that haue crept into the science, to distract the curious Reader, are sprung from no other causes, then small Beere, and sober sleepes, whereas were the laudable custome of Sack drinking better studied, we should haue fewer Gownes and more Schollers.

1 *Schol.* A good note, for we cannot see wood for trees, nor Schollers for Gownes.

Arist. Now the whole Vniuersitie is full of your honest Fellowes, that breaking loose from a *Yorkshire* Belfrey, haue walked to *Cambridge* with Satchels on their shoulders: there you shall haue them studie hard for foure or fiue yeares, to returne home more fooles then they came; the reason whereof, is drinking Colledge taplash, that will let them haue no more learning then they list, nor a drop of wit more then

the Buttler sets on their heads.

2 *Schol.* T' were charity in him to sconce'vm soundly, they would haue but a poore *Quantum* else.

Arist. Others there be that spend their whole liues in *Athens*, to die as wise as they were borne; who as they brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they will carry none out on't. 'Tis Beere that drownes the soules in their bodies, *Husons* Cakes, and *Paix* his Ale hath frothed their braines; hence is the whole tribe contemned, euery Prentice can ieere at their braue Cassackes, and laugh the Veluet Caps out of Countenance.

1 *Schol.* And would it not anger a man of Art to be the scorne of a what lacke you Sir?

Arist. 'Tis Beere that makes you so ridiculous in all your behauiour: hence comes the Bride like simpering at a Iustice of Peace his Table, and the not eating methodically, when being laughed at, you shew your teeth, blush, and excuse it with a Rhetoricall *Husteron Proteron*.

Sim. 'Tis very true, I haue done the like my selfe, till I haue had a disgrace for my Mittimus.

Arist. 'Tis Beare that hath putrified our Horsemansship, for that you cannot ride to *Ware*, or to *Barkway* but your Hackneyes sides must witnesse your iourneyes. A Lawyers Clarke, or an Innes a Court Gentleman that hath beene fed with false Lattin, and Pudding Pye, contemne you as if you had not learning enough to confute a *Nouerint vniuersi*.

Sim. Per presentes me Simplicium.

Arist. If you discourse but a little while with a Courtier, you presently betray your learned Ignorance, answering him he concludes not Syllogistically, and asking him in what Moode and figure he speakes in, as if Learning were not as much out of fashion at Court, as Cloathes at *Cambridge*. Nor can you entertaine discourse with a Lady, without endangering the halfe of your Buttons; all these, and a thousand such errors, are the friends of Beere, that nurse of Barbarisme, and foe to Philosophie.

Simp. Oh I am rauished with this admirall Metaphysicall

 Lecture,

Lecture, if euer I drinke Beere againe, let me turne ciuill Lawyer, or be poudered vp in one of *Luthers* barrels, pray lend me the booke againe, that I may forsweare it. Fie vpon it, I could loue Sir *Giles* for presenting those notorious Alewiues. Oh *Aristippus*, *Aristippus* thou art equally diuine τῇ δυνάμει καὶ ἐντελεχείᾳ the only father of Quodlibets, the Prince of Formalities, I aske my Starres whose influence doth gouerne this *orbem sublunarem* that I may liue with thee, and die like the Royall Duke of *Clarence*, who was sowsed vp to immortality in a But of Malmesey.

2 *Schol.* You interrupt him Sir too much in his Lecture, and prevent your eares of their happinesse.

Simp. Oh heauens I could heare him *ad æternitatem*, and that *tàm à parte ante, quàm à parte post*, O proceed, proceed, thy instructions are meere Orthodoxall, thy Philosophie canonicall, I will study thy *scientiam* both *speculativam & practicam*. Pray let me once more forsweare the pollution of Beere, for it is an abominable heretique, Ile be his perfect enemy till I make him and nottle Ale fly the Country.

Aristip. But Sacke is the life, soule, and spirits of a man, the fire which *Prometheus* stole, not from *Ioues* Kitchin, but his Wine Cellour, to increase the natiue heat and radicall moysture, without which we are but drousie dust, or dead clay: this is Nectar, the very Nepenth the Gods were drunke with, 'tis this that gaue *Ganymede* beauty, *Hebe* youth, to *Ioue* his heauen, and eternity; doe you thinke *Aristotle* dranke Perry, or *Plato* Cyder? doe you thinke *Alexander* had euer conquered the world if he had bin sober? he knew the force & vallour of Sacke, that it was the best armour, the best encouragement, and that none could be a good Commander, that was not double drunke, with Wine and Ambition.

1 *Schol.* Onely here's the difference; Ambition makes them rise, and Wine makes them fall.

Aristip. Therefore the Garrisons are all drinking Schooles, the Souldiers trained vp to the mustering of pewter pots daily, learning to contemne death by accustoming to bee dead drunk: scarres doe not so well become a Captaine as Carbunkles.

bunckles. A red nose is the grace of a Seriant Maior, and they vnworthy the place of Ancients that haue not good colours, the best shot to be discharg'd is the Taverne bill, the best Alarum is the sounding of healthes, and the most absolute March is reeling.

2 *Schol.* And the best Artillery yard is the Dolphin.

Aristip. Thus you may easily perceiue the profite of Sack in millitary discipline, for that it may iustly seeme to haue taken the name of Sack from sacking of Cities.

Simp. Oh wonderfull, wonderfull Philosophie, if I bee a coward any longer, let me sweare a little to drink Sack, for I will be as valiant as any of the Knights Errant: I perceiue it was onely *culpa ignorantiæ*, not *prava dispositionis* that made me a coward, but O Enthusiastique, rare, Angelicall Philosophie, I will be a Souldier, a Scholler, and euery thing, I will hereafter *nec peccare in materiâ, nec in formâ*, Beere, raskally Beere was the first parent of Sophisters, and the fallacies: But proceed my *Pythagras*, my *ipse dixit* of Philosophy.

Aristip. Next it is the only Elixar of Philosophie, the very Philosophers stone, able if studied by a yong Heire *mutare rerum species*, to change his House, Lands, Liuings, Tenements, and Liueries into *aurum potabile*: So that though his Lordships be the fewer for't, his manners shall be the more; whose Lands being dissolued into Sack must needs make his soule more capable of diuine meditation, he being almost in the state of separation, by being purg'd and freed from so much earth.

2 *Schol.* Therefore why should a man trouble himselfe with so much earth, he is the best Philosopher that can *omnia sua secum portare.*

Aristip. And since it is the nature of light things to ascend, what better way, or more agreeing to nature can bee inuented, whereby we might ascend to the height of knowledge, then a light head, a light head being as it were allied with heauen, first found out, that the motion of the orbs was circular like to its owne, which motions, *teste Aristotele*, first found that intelligence, so that I conclude all intelligence, intellect,

tellect, and vnderstanding to be the inuention of Sacke, and a light head; what mists of error had clouded Philosophie, till the neuer sufficiently praised *Copernicus* found out that the earth was moued, which he could neuer haue done, had hee not beene instructed by Sack, and a light head.

Simp. Hang me then when I turne graue.

Aristip. This is the Philosophie the great Stagirite read to his Pupill *Alexander*, wherein how great a proficient he was, I call the faith of History to witnesse.

Sim. Tis true *per fidem Historicam*, for I haue read how when he had vanquish'd the whole world in drinke, that he wept there was no more to conquer.

Aristip. Now to make our demonstration to proue, no wine, no Philosophie, is that admirable Axiome, *in vino veritas*, and you know that Sack and truth are the only Buts which Philosophie aymes at.

1 *Schol.* And the Hogshead is that *puteus Democriti* from whence they might both be drawne.

Aristip. Sacke, Clarret, Malmsey, White-wine and Hipocras are your fiue Predicables, and Tobacco your *individuum*, your Money is your substance, full cups your quantity, good Wine your quality, your Relation is in good company, your action is beating, which produceth another predicament in the Drawers, called passion, your *quando* is midnight, your *ubi* the Dolphin, your *situs* leaning, your *habitus* carousing, afterclaps are your *post* predicaments, your *priorums* breaking of iests, your *posteriorums* of glasses, false bils are your fallacies, the shot is *subtilis obiectio*, and the discharging of it is *vera solutio*, seuerall humours are your moodes, and figures, where *quarta figura*, or gallons must not be neglected, your drinking is in Syllogismes, where a pottle is the *maior terminus*, and a pinte the *minor*, a quart the *medium*, beginning of healths are the premisses, and pledging the conclusion, for it must not be diuided, Topicks or common places are the Tauernes, and Hamon, Wolfe, and Farlowes are the three best Tutors in the Vniuersities.

Sim. And if I be not entered, and haue my name admit-

ted into ſome of their bookes, let *forma miſti* bee beaten out of me.

Ariſtip. To perſwade the Vintner to truſt you is good Rhetoricke, and the beſt figure is Synechdoche to pay part for the whole, to drinke aboue meaſure is a Science beyond Geometry, falling backward is ſtar-gazing, & no *Iacobs* Staffe comparable to a Tobacco pipe, the ſweet harmony of good-fellowſhip with now and then a diſcord, is your excellent muſick, Sack it ſelfe is your Grammar, ſobriety a meere ſolecisme, and Latine be it true, or be it falſe, a very cudgell to your *Priſcianus* pates, the reckoning is Arithmetique enough, a receipt of full cups are the beſt Phyſicke to procure vomit, and forgetting of debts an art of memory, and here you haue an *Encuelopædia* of Sciences, whoſe method being circular, can neuer bee ſo well learned, as when your head runnes round.

Sim. If mine haue any other motion, it ſhall be *preter naturam*, I, and *contra* too, if I liue: I like that art of muſick wondrous well, life is not life without it; for what is life but an harmonious leſſon playd by the ſoule vppon the Organs of the body. O witty ſentence! I am mad already, I ſee the immortality, ha braue *Ariſtippus*: but in Poetry 'tis the ſole predominant quality, the ſap and iuyce of a verſe, yea the ſpring of the Muſes is the fountaine of Sack, for to thinke *Helicon* a barrell of Beere, is as great a ſin as to call *Pegaſus* a Brewers Horſe.

Ariſtip. I know ſome of theſe halfe penny Almanack makers doe not approue of this Philoſophie, but giue you moſt abominable counſell in their Beggars Rhymes, which you are bound to beleeue as faithfully, as their predictions of ſoule and faire weather, you ſhall heare ſome of *Errapaters* Poetry,

I wiſh you all carefully,
Drink Sack but ſparingly,
Spend your coyne thriftily,
Keepe your health warily,
Take heed of ebriety,
Wine is an enemy,

Good is ſobriety,
Fly baths and Venery.

For your often potations much crudities cauſe, by hindring the courſe of mother Natures lawes, therefore he that deſireth to liue till October, ought be drunke in Iuly, but I hold it to be a great deale better that he went to bed ſober, And let him alone thou man in the Moone, yet had'ſt thou but read a leaſe in this admired Author, this *aureum flumen*, this *torrens eloquentiæ*, thou would'ſt haue ſcorn'd to haue bin of the water Poets Tribe, or *Skeltons* family, but thou haſt neuer taſted better Nectar then out of *Feuners* Waſſaile Bowle, which hath ſo transformed him, that his eyes looke like two Tunnels, his noſe like a Fauſſet with the Spicket out, and therefore continually dropping: the *Almanack* makers, and Phyſitians are alike grand enemies of Sack, as for Phyſitians being fooles, I cannot blame them if they neglect Wine, and miniſter ſimples, but if I meet with you Ile teach you another receipt.

Sim. Why meet him Tutor, you may eaſily meet him. I know him Sir, *& cognitione diſtincta & confusa* I warrant you, doe you not ſmell him Tutor? I know who made this *Almanack* againſt drinking Sack? ha *Stroffe?* haue I found you *Stroffe*? you will ſhew your ſelfe, I ſee, when all is done to bee but a Brewers Clarke.

Ariſtip. But farre better ſpeaks the diuine *Ennius* againſt your *Ale*, and Barly broath, who knew too full well the vertue of Sack when *Nunquam niſi potus ad arma proſiluit dicenda*, his verſes are in Latine, but becauſe the audience are Schollers, I haue tranſlated them into Engliſh, that they may be vnderſtood. Here read them.

I Schol. *There is a drinke made of the Stygian Lake,*
Or elſe of the waters the Furies doe make,
No name there is bad enough which it to call,
But yet as I wiſt it is yeleped Ale,
Men drinke it thick, and piſſe it out thin,
Mickle filth by Saint Loy that it leaues within,
But I of complexion am wondrous ſanguine,

And will loue by'th Morrow a cup of wine,
To line in delight was euer my wonne,
For I was Epicurus *his owne sonne,*
That held opinion that plaine delight
Was very felicity perfite:
A Bowle of wine is wondrous boone cheere
To make one blith, buxome, and debonaere,
'Twill giue me such valour and so much courage
As cannot be found 'twixt Hull *and* Carthage.

Aristip. But aboue the wit of humanity, the diuine *Virgil* hath extol'd the *Encomium* of Sack in these verses.

2 Schol. *Fill me a Bowle of Sack with Roses crown'd,*
Fill't to the brim, Ile haue my temples bound
With flowry Chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free, and froliquest;
Let me drinke deepe, then fully warm'd with wine,
Ile chaunt Æneas *praise, that euery line*
Shall proue immortall, till my moistned quill
Melt into verse; and Nectar-like distill;
I'me sad, or dull, till bowles brim fil'd infuse
New life in me, new spirit in my Muse,
But once reuiu'd With Sack, pleasing desires
In my chill blond kindle such actiue fires,
That my gray hayres seeme fled my wrinckl'd face,
Growne smooth as Hebes, *youth, and beauties grace,*
To my shrunk veines fresh blond and spirits bring,
Warme as the Summer sprightfull as the spring,
Then all the world is mine. Crœsus *is poore*
Compar'd with me, he is rich that askes no more,
And I in Sack haue all, which is to me
My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty,
Then haue I conquer'd all, I boldly dare
My Trophies with the Pelean Youth compare,
Him I will equall, as his sword, my pen
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men,
Doe not, Atrides, Nestors *ten desire*
But ten such drinkers as that aged sire,

His streame of honied words flowed from the Wine,
And Sacke his Councell was, as he was thine.
Who euer purchast a rich Indian mine,
But Bacchus first, and next the Spanish wine,
Then fill my bowle, that if I dye to morrow,
Killing cares to day, I haue out-liu'd my sorrow.

Arist. Thus resting in the opinion of that admirable Poet, I make this draught of Sacke, this Lectures period.

Dixi.

Simp. Dixi dost thou say, I, and I'le warrant thee the best *Dixi* in *Cambridge*, who would sit poring on the learned Barbarisme of the Schoolemen, that by one of thy Lectures might confute them all *pro & con* I begin to hate distinction, *& actualiter, & habitualiter*, yet a poxe to see, I cannot leaue them *nec principaliter, nec formaliter*; yet I begin to loue the Foxe better then subtilnesse. Oh Tutor, Tutor, well might Foxe be a Colledge Porter, that he might open the Gates to none but thy Pupils: come fellow Pupils, if I did not loue you, I were an ἀμβρτηματῆς φύσεως, and an absurditie in the abstract; Let's practice, lets practice, for I'le follow the steppes of my Tutor night and day: by this Sacke, I shall loue this Philosophie: before I heard this Lecture, *Bankes* his Horse was an *Aristotle*, in comparison of me: I can laugh to thinke what a foolish *Simplicius* I was this morning, and how learnedly I shall sleepe to night.

2 *Schol*, Sleepe to night! why? that's no point of our Philosophie; we must sit vp late, and roare till we rattle the Welkin: Sleepe, what haue we to doe with deaths Cater-cousin? doe you thinke Nature gaue starres to sleepe by? haue you not day enough to sleepe in, but you must sleepe in the night too? 'tis an arrant Paradox.

Sim. A Paradox? let me be crampt if I sleep then, but what must we sleepe in the day then?

2 *Schol.* Yes, in the morning.

Sim. And why in the morning?

2 *Schol.* Why, a poxe of the morning, what haue wee to

doe with the ſober time of the day?

Sim. 'Tis true I ſee, wee may learne ſomething of our fellow Pupils, and what muſt wee doe now fellow pupils? What muſt we doe now?

1 *Schol.* Why? conferre our notes.

Sim: What is that?

2 *Schol.* Why, conferring of notes, is drinking off cups; halfe pots are ſaying of parts, and the ſinging of Catches is our repetition.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'le conferre a note with you.

1 *Schol.* Gramercy braue lad, and it's a good one, an excellent Criticiſme; I would not haue loſt it for *Euſtathius* and his Biſhopricke, it's a generall rule, and true without exception.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'le conferre a note with you too.

2 *Schol.* Faith, let me haue it, let's ſhare, and ſhare like boone Raſcals.

Sim. I'le ſay my part to you both.

2 *Schol.* By my troath, and you haue a good memory, you haue con'd it quickly Sir.

Sim. But what ſhall we haue for repetitions now?

2 *Schol.* I, what for repetitions?

1 *Schol.* Why the Catch againſt the Schoolemen in praiſe of our Tutor *Ariſtippus*: can you ſing *Simplicius*?

Sim. How begins it pray you?

1 *Schol.* *Ariſtippus is better*

Sim. O God Sir, when I was in the ſtate of ignorance, I cond it without booke, thinking it had beene a Poſition.

Ariſtippus is better in every letter,
Then Faber the Pariſienſis,
Then Scotus, Soncinas, then Thomas Aquinas,
Then Gregorie Gandauenſis:
Then Cardan and Ramus, then old Paludanus,
Albertus, and Gabriella,
Then Pico Mercatus, or Scaliger Natus,
Then Niphus or Zabarella.

Hortado,

Hortado, Trombetus, were fooles with Toletus,
Zanardus, and Will de Hales,
With Occham, Iauellus, and mad Algazellus,
Philoponus and Natalis.
The Conciliator, was but a meere prater,
And so was Apollinaris:
Iandunus, Plotinus, the Dunce Eugubinus,
With Masius, Sanill, and Swarez,
Fonseca, Durandus, Becanus, Holandus,
Peretius, Auientures:
Old Trismegistus, whose volumes haue mist vs,
Ammonius, Bonauenture,
Mirandula Comes, with Proclus and Somes,
And Guido the Carmelita:
The nominall Schooles, and the Colledge of fooles,
No longer is my delight:
Hang Brierwood and Carter, in Crakenthorpes garter,
Let Knackerman too bemoane vs,
He be no more beaten, for greasie Iacke Seaton,
Or conning of Sandersonus.
The censure of Cato's, shall neuer amate vs,
Their frostie beards cannot nip vs:
Your Ale is too muddy, good Sacke is our studie,
Our Tutor is Aristippus.

Enter the Wild-man with two Brewers.

Wild-man. There they be, now for the valour of Brewers, knocke um soundly, the old Rogue, that's hee, doe you not see him there? soundly, soundly, let him know what Champions good Beere has.

They beat out Aristippus and the Schollars.

Wild-

Wild-man solus.

Now let them know that Beere is too strong from them, and let me be hang'd if euer *I* be mil der to such Rascals, they shall finde these but stale curtesies. How now? what's here? the learned Library, the Philosophicall volumes? these are the bookes of the blacke Art; *I* hate them worse then *Bellarmine* the golden Legend, or the Turkish Alcharon. *I* wonder what vertue is in this peuterfaced Authour, that it should make euery one fall in loue with it so deepely? *I'le* trie if *I* can finde any *Philtrum*, any loue-Potion in't: by my *Domine* not a drop; *O stultum ingenium hominum*, to delight in such vanities. Sure these are Comments vpon Tobacco, dry and iuycelesse vanities. *I'le* try againe by my *bonâ fide*, but this doth relish some learning, still better, an admirable witty rogue, a very flash. *I'le* turne another leafe, still better, has he any more Authors like this? what's here *Aristippus*? a most incomparable Authour, O *Bodly*, *Bodly*, thou hast not such a booke in all thy Librarie, here's one lyne worth the whole *Vatican*: O *Aristippus* would my braines had beene broken out when I broched thy hogs-head: O curst Brewers, and most accursed am I to wrong so learned a Philosopher as *Aristippus*? what penance is enough to cleere me from this impardonable offence: twenty purgations are too little; I'le sucke vp all my Beere in Toasts, to appease him, and afterwards liue by my Wife and Hackneyes. Oh that I had neuer vndertooke this selling of Beere, I might haue kept my house with Fellowes Commons, and neuer haue come to this: But now I am a wild-man, and my house a Bedlam: O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*.

He findes Pots.

He findes empty Papers.

Enter Medico de Campo.

Medico. How now neighbour Wild-man?

Wild-man. O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, what shall I doe for thee *Aristippus*?

Medico.

Medico. What extasie is this?

Wilde-man. O *Aristippus, Aristippus,* what shall I doe for thee *Aristippus?*

Medico. Why neighbour Wilde-man, disclose your griefes to me, I am a Surgeon, and perchance may cure vm.

Wilde-man. O cry you mercy, you are the welcommest man liuing, the onely man I could haue wished for, O *Aristippus, Aristippus.*

Medico. Why what's the matter neighbour? O *I* heare he has seduced away your Parishioners, is this the cause of your Lamentation.

Wild-man. O no Sir, a learned Philosopher, one that *I* loue with my soule: but in my rage *I* cannot tell you Sir, 'tis a dismall tale, the sharpest Razor in your shop would turne edge at it.

Medico. Neuer feare it, *I* haue one was sent from a——— faith *I* cannot thinke on's name, a great Emperour, hee that *I* did the great cure on, you haue heard on't *I* am sure: *I* fetched his head from *China*, after it had beene there a fortnight buried, and set it on his shoulders againe, and made him as liuely, as euer *I* saw him in my life; and yet to see *I* should not thinke on's name. O *I* haue it now, *Prester Iohn*, a poxe on't, *Prester Iohn*, 'twas hee hee, *I* faith, 'twas *Prester Iohn*, *I* might haue had his Daughter if *I* had not been a foole; and haue liu'd like a Prince all the daies of my life; nay, and perchance haue inherited the Crowne after his death; but a poxe on't, her lips were too thicke for mee, and that *I* should not thinke on *Prester Iohn.*

Wild-man. O *Aristippus, Aristippus,* poxe on your *Prester Iohn* Sir, will you thinke on *Aristippus?*

Med. What should *I* doe with him?

Wild-man. Why? in my rage Sir, *I* haue almost killed him, and now would haue you cure him in sober sadnesse.

Medico. Why call him out Sir.

Enter Simplicius.

Wilde-man. Sir, yonder comes one of his Pupils.

Medico. Salue Mr. *Simplicius.*

Simp. Salue me, 'tis but a Surgeons compliment *Signior Medico de Campo*, but you are welcome Sir, my Tutor wants helpe: Are you there you *Vsquebaugh* Rascall, with your *Metheglin* iuyce, *I*'le teach you Sir to breake a Philosophers pate; *I*'le make you leaue your distinctions as well as *I* haue done.

Wild-man. O pardon, pardon me, *I* repent Sir heartily, O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *I* haue broken thy head *Aristippus*, but *I*'le giue thee a plaister *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*.

Medico. *I* pray Sir bring him out in his Chaire, and if the house can furnish you with Barbers prouision, let all be in readinesse.

Exit Simplicius.

Wild-man. Pray Sir doe you thinke you can cure him?

Medico. Him? why neighbour doe you not remember the Thumbe?

Wilde-man. What of the Thumbe? *I* haue not heard of it as yet Sir.

Medico. Why the Thumbe, the Thumbe, doe you not know the cure of the Thumbe?

Wild-man. No Sir, but *I* pray tell the cure of the Thumbe, doe you still remember't Sir.

Medico. Remember't, *I*, and perfectly, *I* haue it at my fingers end, and thus it is, Two Gentlemen were fighting, one lost his Thumbe, *I* hechance comming by, tooke it vp, put it in my pocket, some two moneths after, meeting the Gentleman, *I* set on his Thumbe againe; and if he were now in *Cambridge*, *I* could haue his hand to shew for't: why did you ne're heare of the Thumbe Sir? 'tis strange you neuer heard mee speake of the Thumbe Sir.

Enter

Enter three Scholars bringing forth Aristigon in his Chayre.

1 *Schol.* *Signior de Medico Campo*, if you haue any art or skill, shew it now, you neuer had a more deseruing Patient.

Medico. Yet *I* haue had many, and royall ones too, *I* haue done Cures beyond Seas, that will not be beleeued in *England*.

2 *Schol.* Very likely so, and Cures in *England* that will not be beleeued beyond seas, nor here neither, for in this kinde, halfe the world are infidels.

Medico. The great Turke can witnesse, I am sure the eyes that he weares, are of my making.

1 *Schol.* Hee was then an eye-witnesse: but I hope hee weares spectacles *Signior*.

Medico. Why, won't you beleeue it, why I tell you I am able to say't, I saw't, I saw't my selfe, I cur'd the King of *Poland* of a Wart on's nose, and *Bethlem Gaber* of a Ring-worme.

1 *Schol.* The one with raw Beefe, and the other with Inke-hornes.

Medico. Poxe of your old Wiues medicines; the worst of mine Ingredients is an Vnicornes Horne, and a Bezars stone: Raw Beefe, and Inkehornes! Why, I cur'd *Sherley* in the Grand Sophies Court in *Persia* when he had beene twice shot through with Ordinance, and had two bullets in each thigh, and so quickly, that he was able at night to lye with his Wife the Sophies neece, and beget a whole Church of Christians, and could this haue beene done with raw Beefe and Inke-hornes?

Sim. No sure, this could not haue beene done without Eggs and greene-sauce, or an Oatmeale Poultice at least.

Medico. The King of *Russia* had died of the wormes, but for a powder I sent him.

2 *Schol.* Some of that you meane, that stucke on the bullet which you tooke out of *Sherleys* legges.

Medico. In the ſiege of *Oſtend*, I gaue the Dutcheſſe of *Auſtria* a receipt to keepe her Smocke from being animated when ſhe had not ſhifted of a twelue moneth.

1 *Schol.* Beleeue me, and that was a Cure beyond *Scoggins* Fleas.

Medico. I am able by the vertue of one Salue, to heale all the wounds and breaches in *Bohemia.*

2 *Schol.* I, and cloſe vp the Bung-hole in the great Tub at *Heidelbergh* I warrant you.

Medico. I cur'd the State of *Venice* of a Dropſie, the Low-Countries of a Lethargie, and if it had not beene treaſon, I had cur'd the Fiſtula, that it ſhould haue drop't no more then your noſe. By one Dramme on a knifes point, I reſtored *Mansfield* to his full ſtrength and forces, when he had no men left, but was onely skin and bones. I made an Arme for *Brunſwicke*, with ſo great art and skill, as nature her ſelfe could not haue mended it; which had it not come too late, and after his death, would haue done him as much ſeruice as that which was ſhot off.

2 *Schol.* I eaſily beleeue that I faith.

Medico. I could make a Purgation, that ſhould ſo ſcoure the Seas, that neuer a *Dunkerke* durſt ſhew his head.

1 *Schol.* By my faith, and that would bee a good State Gliſter.

Medico. I haue done as great wonders as theſe, when I extracted as much chaſtity from a Sanctimony in the *Engliſh* Nunnery, as cur'd the Pope of his lechery.

2 *Schol.* And yet had as much left, as ſeru'd fiue Cardinals on Faſting-dayes.

Medico. And there was no man in the Realme of *France*, either *French* or *Spaniſh*, or *Italian* Doctors, but my ſelfe, that durſt vndertake the King of *France* his Cornes, and afterwards hauing curd him, I dranke a health to him.

Sim. Would we had the pledging on't. O happy man that haſt conferred a note with the King of *France*.

Medico. And doe you ſeeme to miſdoubt my skill, and ſpeake of my Art with ifs and ands? Doe you take mee for

a

a Mountebank, and hath mine owne tongue beene so silent in my praise, that you haue not heard of my skill?

2 *Schol.* No, pardon vs Signior, onely the danger our Tutor is in makes vs so suspitious; we know your skill Sir, wee haue heard *Spaine* and your owne tongue speake loud on't, we know besides, that you are a Trauailer, and therefore giue you leaue to relate your words with authority.

Med. Danger? what danger can there be, when I am his Surgeon?

1 *Schol.* His head Sir is so wondrously bruised, 'tis almost past cure.

Med. Why what if he had neuer an head? am not I able to make him one? or if it were beaten to atomes, I could set it together, as perfectly as in the wombe.

Wild. Beleeue me neighbour, but that would bee as great a wonder, as the Thumbe, or *Prester Iohns* head.

Med. Why? Ile tell you Sir what I did, a farre greater wonder then any of these, I was a Trauailer,

2 *Schol.* There is no such great wonder in that, but what may be beleeued.

Med. And another friend of mine trauailed with me, and to bee short, I came into the Country of Cannibals, where missing my friend I ran to seeke him, and came at last into a Land where I saw a company feeding on him, they had eaten halfe of him, I was very pensiue at his misfortune, or rather mine, at last I bethought me of a powder that I had about me, I put it into their wine, they had no sooner dranke of it, but they presently disgorg'd their stomacks, and fell asleepe; I Sir, gathered vp the miserable morsels of my friend, placed them together, and restored him to be a perfect man againe; and if he were here still aliue, he were able to witnesse it himselfe, and doe you thinke I cannot cure a ten-groats damage, or a crackt Crowne.

1 *Schol.* Good Signior make no such delaye, cure him, and haue one wonder more to fill vp your Legend.

Med. Here hold the Bason, you the Napkins, and you M^r. *Simplicius* the Boxes, how shall we doe to lay his feet vp-

on. By my troth Sir he is wonderfully hurt, his *pia mater* I perceiue is cleane out of ioynt; of the 20. bones of the *Cranium* there is but three onely whole, the reſt are miſerably cruſhed and broken, and two of his Sutures are cleane periſhed, onely the Sagitall remaines free from violence, the foure Tunicats of his eyes are thred bare, the Meninx of his eare is like a cut Drum, and the hammers loſt: there is not a Cartilago in his head worth three pence: the top of his noſe is dropt away, there is not a Muskle left in the Cauities of his Noſtrils, his *dentes molares* are paſt grinding, his Pallet is loſt, and with it his *gurgulio*, yet if he can ſwallow, I warrant his drinking ſafe: helpe open his mouth, ſo, ſo, his throat is ſound: he's well I warrant you, now giue him a cup of Sack, ſo let me chafe his Temples, put this powder into another glaſſe of Sack, and my life for his, he is as ſound as the beſt of vs all: let downe his legs. How doe you Sir?

Ariſtip. Why as yong as the Morning, t'all life, and ſoule not a dram of body; I am newly come backe from Hell, and haue ſeene ſo many of my acquaintance there, that I wonder whoſe Art hath reſtored me to life againe.

1 *Schol.* The Catholique Biſhop of Barbers, the very Metropolitan of Surgeons, Signior *de Medico Campo*.

2 *Schol.* One that hath ingroſſ'd all Arts to himſelfe, as if he had the Monopoly.

1 *Schol.* The onely Hoſpitall of ſoares.

2 *Schol.* And Spittle-houſe of infirmities, Signior *de Medico Campo*.

1 *Schol.* One that is able to vndoe the Company of Barberſurgeons, and Colledge of Phyſitians, by making all diſeaſes fly the Country.

2 *Schol.* Yea he is able to giue his skill to whom he pleaſe, by Act of deed or bequeath it by Legacy, but hee is determined as yet to intaile it to his heires males for euer.

3 *Schol.* Sir, death it ſelfe dares not anger him, for feare hee ſhould begger the Sextons by ſuffering no graue to bee made, he can chuſe whether any ſhall dye or no.

2 *Schol.* And he do's't with ſuch celerity, that a hundred

peeces

peeces of Ordinance in a pitch'd field could not in a whole day make worke enough to imploy him an houre; you owe him your life Sir: Ile assure you.

Aristip. Sir I doe owe you my life, and all that is mine, thinke of any thing that lyeth in the compasse of my Philosophy, and 'tis your owne.

Med. I haue gold enough Sir, and Philosophie enough, for my house is paued with Philosophers stones, mine only desire is, that you forgiue the rage of this wildman, who is heartily sorry for his offence to you.

Wild. O reuerend Philosopher, and Alchimy of vnderstanding, thou very Sack of Sciences, thou noble Spaniard, thou Catholique Monarch of Wines, Archduke of *Canary*, Emperour of the sacred Sherry, pardon me, pardon my rudenesse, and I will forsweare that Dutch heresie of English Beere, and the witchcraft of *Middletons* water, Ile turne my selfe into a Gowne, and be a profest disciple of *Aristippus*.

Aristip. Giue him a Gowne then ere we admit him to our Lecture hereafter. Now noble Signior *Medico de Campo*, if you will walke in, let's be very iouiall and merry, 'tis my second birth-day, let's sin, and drinke a health to the company:

We care not for money, riches, or wealth,
Old Sack is our money, old Sack is our health,
Then let's flock hither
Like Birds of a feather,
To drinke, to sing,
To laugh and sing,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together,
Come let vs laugh, let vs drinke, let vs sing,
The winter with vs is as good as the spring,
We care not a feather
For wind, or for weather,
But night and day
We sport and play,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together,

Sing.

Simp. Heark, they are drinking your healths, within, and I muſt haue it too, I am only left here to offer my *ſupplicat* to you, that my grace may paſſe, and then if I may but commence in your approbation, I will take a degree in drinking, and becauſe I am turn'd a iouiall mad raskall, I haue a great deſire to be a Midſummer Batch'lor, I was onely ſtay'd to aske your leaues to goe out.

Exit.

FINIS.

5. 2.

THE PEDLAR, AS IT WAS PRESENTED IN A STRANGE SHOW.

Generous Gentlemen,

SVch is my affection to *Phœbus* and the ninety nine Muſes, that for the benefit of this royall Vniuerſitie, I haue ſtrodled ouer three of the terreſtriall globes with my Geometricall rambling, *videlicet*, the *Aſia* of the Dolphin, the *Affrique* of the Roſe, the *America* of the Mitre, beſides the *terra incognita* of many an Alehouſe. And all for your ſakes, whom I know to be the diuine brats of *Helicon*, the lawfull begotten baſtards of the thrice three ſiſters, the learned ſilly-ſoles to Mounſier *Pegaſus*, Archhacney to the ſtudents of *Parnaſſus*: Therefore I charge you by the ſeaueu deadly Sciences, which you more ſtudy then the three and foure liberall ſinnes, [that you ha, ha, hes may be the recompence of my ridiculous endeauours.

I haue beene long in trauaile, but if your laughter giue my Embryon Ieſts but ſafe deliuerance, I dare maintaine it in the throat of *Europe*, *Ieronimo* riſing from his naked bed was no't ſo good a Midwife.

But I ſee you haue a great deſire to know what profeſſion I

am of: firſt therefore heare what *I* am not. *I* am not a Lawyer, for I hope you ſee no buckrams honeſty about me, and I ſweare by theſe ſweet lips my breath ſlinkes not of any State actions: *I* am no Souldier although my heeles be better then my hands: by the whips of *Mars* and *Bellona I* could neuer endure the ſmell of ſalt-Peeter ſince the laſt Gunpowder treaſon, the voyce of a Mandrake to me is ſweeter muſick then thoſe maximes of warre, thoſe terrible Cannons, *I* am no Townſman vnleſſe there be rutting in *Cambridge*, for you ſee my head without hornes; *I* am no Alderman for *I* ſpeake true Engliſh; *I* am no Iuſtice of peace, for *I* ſweare by the honeſty of a *Mittimus*, the venerable Bench neuer kiſt my worſhipfull Buttocks; *I* am no Alchymiſt, for though *I* am poore, *I* haue not broke out my braines againſt the Philoſophers ſtone; *I* am no Lord, and yet me thinks *I* ſhould, for *I* haue no Lands; *I* am no Knight, and yet *I* haue as empty pockets as the proudeſt of them all: *I* am no Landlord, but to Tenants at will; *I* am no Inns of Court Gentleman, for *I* haue not beene ſtewed throughly at the Temple, though I haue beene halfe codled at *Cambridge*: Now doe you ſuſpect that *I* ſhould ſay *I* am a Scholler, but *I* thanke my ſtarres I haue more wit then ſo; why I am not mad yet? I hope my better *Genius* will ſhield me from a thred bare black Cloke, it lookes like a peece of *Beelzebubs* Liuery. A Scholler? what? I doe not meane my braines ſhould drop through my noſe: no; if I was what I wiſh I could but hope to be; but I am a noble, generous, vnderſtanding, royall, magnificent, religious, heroicall, and thrice illuſtrious Pedlar.

But what is a Pedlar? why what's that to you? yet for your ſatisfaction of him whom I muſt reſpect, my right honourable ſelfe, I will define him.

A Pedlar is an *Individuum vagum*, or the *Primum mobile* of Tradſmen, a walking Burſe, or moueable Exchange, a Socraticall Citizen of the vaſt vniuerſe, or a peripateticall Iourneyman, that like another *Atlas* carries his heauenly ſhop on's Shoulders.

I am a Pedlar, and I ſell my ware
This braue Saint Barthol. or Sturbridge faire,
Ile ſell all for laughter, that's all my gaines,
Such Chapmen ſhould be laught at for their paines.
Come buy my wits which I haue hi'her brought,
For wit is neuer good till it be bought;
Let me not beare all back, buy ſome thewhile,
If laughter be too deere, tak't for a ſmile;
My trade is ieſting now, or quible ſpeaking,
Strange trade youle ſay, for its ſet vp with breaking;
My Shop and I am all at your command,
For lawfull Engliſh laughter paid at hand,
Now will I truſt no more, it were in vaine
To breake, and make a Craddock of my braine,
Halfe haue not payd me yet, firſt there is one
Owes me a quart for his declamation,
Anothers morning draught is not yet paid
For foure Epiſtles at the election made,
Nor dare I croſſe him who do's owe as yet
Three Ells of ieſts to line Priorums *wit:*
But here's a Courtier has ſo long a bill,
'Twill fright him to beholdit, yet I will
Relate the ſumme: Item *he owes me firſt*
For an Inprimis: *but what grieues me worſt,*
A dainty Epigram on his Spaniels taile
Coſt me an houre, beſides fiue pots of Ale,
Item *an Anagram on his Miſtris name,*
Item *the ſpeech wherewith he courts his Dame,*
And an old blobberd ſcowling Elegie
Vpon his Maſters dogs ſad Exequie,
Nor can I yet the time directly gather
When I was paid for an Epitaph on's father,
Beſides he neuer gaue me yet content
For the new coyning of's laſt complement,
Should I ſpeake all I het ſpoken to his praiſe,

The totall ſumme is what he thinks, or ſayes,
I will not let you runſo much o'th ſcore,
Poore Ducklane *braines truſt me, Ile truſt no more,*
Shall's ieſt for nought, haue you all conſcience loſt?
Or doe you thinke our Sack did nothing coſt?
Well then it muſt be done as I haue ſaid,
I needs muſt be with preſent laughter payd,
I am a freeman, for by this ſweet ryme,
The fellowes know I haue ſecur'd the time,
Yet if you pleaſe to grace my poore aduentures,
I'me bound to you in more then ten indentures.

But a pox on *Skeltons* fury, Ile open my Shop in honeſter proſe, and firſt Gentlemen Ile ſhew you halfe a dozen of incomparable points.

I would giue you the definition of points, but that I think you haue them at your fingers ends, yet for your better vnderſtanding

A point is no body, a common terme, an extreme friend of a good mans longitude, whoſe center and circumference in ioyne one diametricall oppoſition to your equilaterall Doublets, or equicrurall Breeches; but to ſpeake to the point, though not to the purpoſe.

1 The firſt point is a point of honeſty, but is almoſt worne out, and has neuer beene in requeſt ſince trunck Hoſe and codpeece Breeches went out of faſhion, it's made of ſimplicity Ribbon, and tagged with plaine dealing; if there bee any knaues among you (as I hope you are not all fooles) faith buy this point of honeſty, and the beſt vſe you can put it to, is to tye the band of affection: but I feare this point will finde no Chapman, ſome of you had rather ſell, then with *Demoſthenes* buy honeſty at ſo deare a rate: oh I could wiſh that the Breeches of Bowlers, Stewards, Taxors, Receiuers, and Auditors were truſſed with theſe honeſty points; but ſome will not be tyed to it, but hiſt Tom, it is dangerous vntruſſing the time.

2 The

2 The next is a point of Knauery, but I haue enow of them already, yet becauſe I am loth to carry mine any longer about me, who gines me moſt ſhall take it, and the Deuill giue him good on't: this point is cut out of villanous Sheepskin parchment in a Scriueners Shop, tagg'd with the Gold of a Ring, which the Pillory robb'd him of when it borrowed his eares; if he doe but faſten this to the new Doublet of a yong Squire, it will make him grow ſo corpulent in the middle, that there will be nothing but Waſte, this point of Knauery has beene a man in his dayes, and the beſt of the Pariſh, fourteene of them goe to our Bakers dozen.

The definition of him may be this, a point of Knauery is an occult quality tyed on a riding knot, the better to play faſt and looſe, he was borne in Buckram, h'as runne through all offices in the Pariſh, and now ſtands to be Preſident of Bridewell, where I leaue him hoping to ſee him truſſ'd at Tiburne.

3 Amongſt all my point, a points of ignorance is the very Alderman of the dozen. This is the richeſt point in my pack, and is neuer out of faſhion at Innes of Court, if you buy this point, you are arrant fooles, for Ile giue you this gift, that you ſhall haue it in ſpite of your teeths.

4 The next is a point of good manners, that has beene long loſt among a croude of clownes, becauſe it was only in faſhion on this ſide *Trent*.

This point is almoſt found in our Colledge, and I thanke the heauens for't, it begins to be tagg'd with Latine, it hath beene much defil'd, but I hope to ſee it cleane waſh't away with the ſope of good gouernment.

This point, to giue you a little inckling of it, begins from the due obſeruance of a Freſhman to Sophiſters, and there it ends with a *cede maioribus*.

5 Next point is a point of falſe doctrine ſnatch't from the codpeece of a long winded Puritan, the breath of *Arminius* will rot in him. Tagge him with a peece of Apocrypha, and he breakes in ſunder, truſſe him to the Surpliſſe, and his

Breeches will preſently fall downe with the thought of the whore of *Babylon*.

He hates vnity and Church diſcipline ſo farre, that you cannot tye a true loues knot on him: cut of his tags, and hee will make excellent ſtrings for a *Geneva* Bible, I would haue theſe points anathematized from all the religious Breeches in the company: 'tis made of a dangerous ſtubborne Leather, tagg'd at one end with ſelfe conceit, at the other with wilfull opinion, this point is fit for no ſeruice, but *Luciſers* Cacotruces: but why talke I ſo long of this point, it it pity it is not licenſed.

6 If you like my points, why doe you not buy? if you would haue a more full point, I can furniſh you with a Period; I haue a Parenrheſis (but that may be left out) I know not how you affect thoſe points: but I loue them ſo well that I griue at the ignorance of my infancie when my moſt audacious toes durſt play at ſpurne-point.

Who will not pitty points when each man ſees
To begging they are faine vpon their knees,
Though I beg pitty, thinke I doe not feare
Cenſuring Critick whelps, no point Mounſier
If you hate points, and theſe like merry ſpeeches,
You may want points to truſſe vp your Breeches,
And from the cloſe ſtoole may be neuer moue
That hating points doth claſps and keepers loue,
But if my points haue here at all offended,
Ile tell you a way how all may be amended;
Speake to the point, and that ſhall anſwere friend,
All is not worth a point, and ther's an end.

Then

Then the Pedlar brought forth a Looking-Glaſſe.

The next is a Looking-Glaſſe, but I'le put it vp againe, for I dare not be ſo bold as to ſhew ſome of you your owne faces; yet I will, becauſe it hath ſtrange operation, *viz.*

If a cracke Chambermaid dreſſe her ſelfe by this Looking-Glaſſe, ſhe ſhall dreame the next night of kiſſing her Lord, or making her miſtreſſe a ſhee Cuckold, and ſhall marry a Chaplin, the next liuing that fals.

If a ſtale Court Ladie looke on this Reflection, ſhee may ſee her old face, through her new Complection.

An Vſurer cannot ſee his conſcience in it, nor a Scriuener his eares.

If a Townesman peepe into it, his *Aldeans* furniture is no longer inuiſible: Corrupt takers of bribes may reade the price of their conſciences in it.

Some fellowes cannot ſee the face of a Scholler in it. If one of our Iewell-nos'd, Carbunckl'd, rubricke, boniface, can venture the danger of ſeeing their owne faces in it, the poore Baſiliskes will kill themſelues be reflection.

If a blinde man ſee his face in this, hee ſhall recouer his eye-ſight.

But I ſee no pleaſure in the contemplation of it; for when I looke into it, I finde my ſelfe inclined to ſuch a dangerous diſeaſe, that I feare I cannot liue here aboue foure yeeres longer: Howſoeuer I hope after my diſeaſe, we ſhall drinke the parting blow.

If any this Looking-Glaſſe diſgrace,
It is becauſe he dares not ſee his face:
Then what I am, I will not ſee (faith) ſay,
'Twas the whores Argument when ſhe threw't away.

Then

Then the Pedlar brought forth a Boxe of Cerebrum.

But now considering what a Philosophicall *vagum* there is in most of our *Cambridge* Noddles, *I* haue here to sell a soueraine boxe of *Cerebrum*, which by *Lullius* his Alchymy, was extracted from the quintessence of *Aristotles* Pericranium, sodde in the sinciput of Demosthenes. The fire being blowne with the long-winded blast of a *Ciceronian* sentence, the whole confection boyled from a pottle to a pinte, in the Pipkin of *Seneca*: we owe the first inuention of it to Sir *Iohn Mandeuile*, the perfection of it to *Tom* of *Odcombe*, who fetcht it from the gray-headed Alpes in the *Hobsons* Waggon of experience; *I* sweare as *Persians* vie by this my Coxcombe, this Magazine of immortall roguerie: but for this Boxe of braines, you had not laughed to night; buy this boxe of braines, and the tenure of your wits shall be soccage, when as now it is but fee-simple.

These braines haue very admirable vertues, and very strange operations: foure drops of it in the eare of a Lawyer will make him write true Lattin: three graines will fill the Capitall of an Vniuersitie Gander; the terrestriall head of a high Constable, will be contented with halfe a dram; three scruples and a halfe will fill the braine-pan of Bamberie brother.

Come buy my braines you ignorant guls,
And furnish here your empty sculs:
Pay your Laughter as it's fit,
To the learned Pedlar of wit.
Quickly come, and quickly buy,
Or I'le shut my shop, and fooles you le dye.
If you Coxcombes you would quoddle,
Here buy braines to fill your noddle.

Who

Who buyes my braines, learnes quickly here,
To make a Probleme in a yeere:
Shall vnderſtand the predicable,
And the predicamentall Rabble.
Who buyes them not, ſhall dye a foole,
An exotericke in the ſchoole.
Who has not theſe, ſhall euer paſſe
For a great Acromaticall Aſſe:
Buy then this boxe of braines, who buyes not it,
Shall neuer ſurfet on too much wit.

Then the Pedlar brought forth a Whetſtone.

But leauing my braines, *I* come to a more profitable Commoditie: for conſidering how dull halfe the wits of the Vniuerſitie be, *I* thought it not the worſt traffique to ſell Whetſtones.

This Whetſtone will ſet ſuch an edge vpon your inuentions, that it will make your ruſtie iron braines, purer mettle, then your brazen faces. Whet but the knife of your Capacities on this Whetſtone, and you may preſume to dine at the Muſes Ordinarie, or ſuppe at the Oracle of *Apollo*. If this bee not true, *I* ſweare by the Doxies Petticotes, that I'le neuer hereafter preſume of a better vocation, then to liue and dye the miſerable factor of Conny-skins.

Then the Pedlar brought out Gloues.

I haue alſo Gloues of ſeuerall qualities: the firſt is a paire of Gloues made for a Lawyer, made of an intire Loadſtone, that has the vertue to draw gold vnto it; they were perfumed with the conſcience of an Vſurer, and will keepe ſcent till wrangling haue left *Weſtminſter* Hall; they are ſeamed with

Indentures, by the needleworke of Mortgage, and fringed with a *Nouerint Vniuerſi*. I would ſhew you more, but it is againſt the ſtatute, becauſe a *Latitat* hath beene ſerued lately vpon them. And few of you need any Gloues, for you weare Cordouant hands.

Night-Caps.

My next Commodities, are ſeuerall Night-Caps, but they dare not come abroad by Candle-light. The firſt is lined with Foxe-furre, which I hope to ſell to ſome of the Sophiſters; it hath an admirable facultie for curing the Crapula, aboue the vertue of Ivie or bitter Almonds; nay, the porredge pot's not comparable vnto it.

I haue another fit for an Alderman, which *Acteon* by his laſt Will and Teſtament bequeathed to the Citie as a principall Charter, it was of *Dianae's* owne making; *Albumazers Otaconſticon* was but a Chamberpot in compariſon.

I could fit all heads with Night-caps, except your graue ouerwiſe Metaphyſical heads: Marry, they are ſo tranſcendent, that they will not be comprehended within the predicant of a Night-cap.

Ruffes.

I haue alſo ſeuerall Ruffes; firſt, a Ruffe of pure Holland for a Dutch drunkard, a Ruffe of Cobweb lawne for the Vniuerſitie ſtatutes: I haue a Ruffe for the Colledge too: but by this badge of our Colledge (my reuerend Lambskins) our backbiters ſay our Colledge Ruffes are quite out of ſtocke; I haue no more Ruffes but one, and that is a Ruffe of ſtrong hempe, you may haue them who will, at the Royall Exchange of Tiburne.

As

As for plaine Bands, if you finde any in a Scriuners ſhop, there is good hope honeſtie will come in faſhion againe.

But you will not beſtow your money on ſuch trifles: why? I haue greater wares.

Will you buy any Parſonages, Vicarages, Deanaries, or Prebendaries?

The price of one is his Lordſhips crackt Chamber-Maid, the other is the reſeruing of his Worſhips tythes; or you may buy the Knights horſe three hundred pound too deare, who to make you amends in the bargaine, will draw you on fairely to a Vicaridge.

There be many tricks, but the downe right way is three yeares purchaſe. Come bring in your Coyne; Liuings are *Maioris in pretio* now, then in the daies of Domeſday booke, you muſt giue preſents for your preſentations: there may be ſeuerall meanes for your inſtitution, but this is the onely way to induction that euer I knew: but I ſee you are not minded to meddle with any my honeſt Leuiticall Farmers.

Then the Pedlar tooke out a Wench made of Alablaſter.

But now expect the treaſures of the world, the treaſures of the earth digg'd from the mynes of my more then Indian paunch. Wipe your eyes that no enuious clouds of muſty humours may barre your ſight of the happineſſe of ſo rare an obiect.

Come from thy Pallace beauteous Queene of Greece,
Sweet Hellen of the world, riſe like the morne,
Clad in the ſmocke of night, that all the ſtarres
May looſe their eyes, and then grow blinde,
Runne weeping to the man i'th moone,
To borrow his dogge to trade the ſpheares a begging.

Rare Empreſſe of our ſoules, whoſe Charcole flames
Burnes the poore Coltsfoot of amazed hearts.
View this dumbe Audience thy beautie ſpies,
And then amaz'd with griefe, laugh out their eyes.

Here's now a rare beauty, oh how all your fingers itch, who ſhould be the firſt Chapman? This will be a dainty friend in a corner. And were't not better to imbrace this pretty ſhambles of beauty, this errant Poultrie of perfection, then to tumble your ſopie Laundreſſes? Is this like your daggle-tayl'd Bed makers? when a man ſhall lye with Seacole aſhes, and commit adultery with the duſt of his chamber?

Me thinkes this peereleſſe Paragon of complection, ſhould be better countenanced. She would ſet a ſharper edge on your appetites, then all the three penny Cutlers in *Cambridge*.

I am a man as you are, and this naughty fleſh and bloud will neuer leaue tempting: yet I proteſt by the ſweet ſole of this incomparable ſhe, I neuer had any acquaintance with the pretty Libraries of fleſh, but onely this: This is the ſubiect of my Muſe; This I adorne with coſtly Epigrams, and ſuch curious Encomiums, as may deſerue immortalitie in the Chamberpots of *Hellicon*: and thus my *Furor Poëticus* doth accoſt her.

Faire Madame, thee whoſe euery thing
Deſerues, the Cloſe-ſtoole of a King:
Whoſe head is faire as any bone,
White and ſmooth as Paunex ſtone.
Whoſe naturall baldneſſe ſcornes to weare
The needleſſe excrements of hayre.
Whoſe forehead ſtreakes, our hearts commands,
Like Douer *Cliffs, or* Goodwyn *ſands.*
While from thoſe dainty Gloe-worme eyes,
Cupid *ſhoots plum-pudding pyes.*
While from the Arches of thy noſe,
A Creame-pot of white Nectar flowes:

Faire

Faire dainty lips, ſo ſmooth ſo ſleeke,
And truely Alablaſter cheeke.
Pure Saffron teeth, happie the meat
That ſuch pretty milnſtones gate.
Oh let me heare ſome ſilent ſong,
Tun'd by the lewes-trumpe of thy tongue.
Oh how that Chin becomes thee well,
Where neuer hairy beard ſhall dwell:
Thy Corall necke doth ſtatelier bow,
Then Ios when ſhe turn'd a Cow:
O let me, or I ſhall nere reſt,
Sucke the blackebottles of thy breſt:
Or lay my head, and reſt me ſtill
On that dainty Hogmagog hill.
Oh curious, and vnfathom'd waſte,
As ſlender as the ſtateliest Maſt:
Thy fingers too, breed my delight,
Each Wart a naturall Margarite.
Oh pitty then my diſmall moane,
Able to melt thy heart of ſtone.
Thou know'ſt how I lament and howle,
Weepe, ſnort, condole, looke ſad, and ſcowle.
Each night ſo great, my paſſions be,
I cannot wake for thought of thee.
Thy Gowne can tell how much I lou'd,
Thy Petticote to pitty moou'd.
Then let thy pedlar mercy finde,
To kiſſe thee once, though it be behinde.
Sweet kiſſe, ſweet lippes, delitious ſence,
How ſweet a Zephyrus blowes from thence?
Bleſt Petticote, more bleſt her Smocke,
That daily buſſeth her Buttocke:
For now the Prouerbe true I finde,
That the beſt part is ſtill behinde.
Sweet dainty ſoule, daigne but to giue
The poore Pedlar, this hanging Sleeue:

And in thine honour, by this kisse,
I'le daily weare my Packe in this,
And quickly so beare thee more fame,
Then Quixot *the Knight Errants dame.*
So farewell sweet, daigne but to touch,
And once againe rebleſſe my Pouch.

Is it not pittie ſuch ware ſhould not be bought? well, I perceiue the fault is in the emptineſſe of your learned pockets: well, I'le to the Court, and ſee what I can ſell there, and then carry the Reliques to *Rome*.

Then the Pedlar cals for his Coltſtaffe.

Some friend muſt now perforce
Make haſte, and bid my Boy
To ſaddle me my wooden Horſe,
For I meane to conquer Troy.

FINIS.

C 20686
69092
SL

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION